

THE CHOLERA AT HAVRE.

HOW EPIDEMIC CAME AND WENT.

Epidemics of 1892 and 1881—Safe Quarters in the midst of Cholera—Cholera Streets—Havre Disinfected.

HAVRE, Oct. 21.—Following on the track of the cholera, I have reached the town of Havre, the port from whence the magnificent steamers of the French Transatlantic Company usually sail for New York. But, to escape quarantine in America, this service has been removed to Cherbourg, where, however, it has been followed by the cholera. Altogether twenty departments of France have been infected by cholera, and 212 communes. The commune of Cherbourg is one among them. So far the epidemic has not been as fatal nor as wide-spread as 1884-85. The number of deaths attributed to cholera which have occurred from the 4th of April to the 15th of October is officially stated to be 3,184. In 1884-85 there were cases of cholera in the thirty-five departments and 63 communes, and a number of deaths amounted to 11,860. On the other hand the epidemic at Havre was much more severe this time, for, up to the 15th of October, the cholera had killed at Havre 503 persons, while in 1884-85 there were only 266 deaths from the same cause. Havre has a population of 146,369 persons. More important far than the cholera is the fatal prevalence of typhoid fever and other zymotic diseases which raise the general death rate to 30.3 per 1,000, calculated on an average of ten years.

No one who has seen some of the older quarters of the town will be surprised at this. The streets are narrow, the houses high. Worse still, there are sombre back yards surrounded by crowded dwellings. All these houses are badly drained, and not drained at all. Many streets have no sewers; the slop-water sinks in the soil, and the subsoil is charged with foul matter that has accumulated for years, in some cases for centuries. Where new and broad streets have been built, where there is subsoil drainage, there is little or no zymotic disease prevalent, and there the cholera has failed to obtain a footing. I am living and writing back to back and within ten to twenty yards of one of the worst cholera districts of Havre. I am at the Hotel des Indes, on the Grand Quai, my room faces the outer port and south. There are no dwellings in front of me. I have a magnificent view of the port; on the other side of the port, the batteries, and beyond the batteries the open sea.

From its early rising to the last glow of twilight the sun shines on my windows, and through the windows comes upon me the strong sea air. Yet immediately behind my hotel is one of the worst slums of Havre. In the very small street Rue St. Pierre, there are sixteen cases and eight deaths, and in the narrow street of small houses, which runs parallel with the Rue d'Albanie, there were forty-one cases and eighteen deaths. I have not the figures for the other streets, but from examining the cholera map, I know that they were all terribly contaminated. Now, the Grand Quai forms the southern limit of an acute triangle, the other two sides are formed by docks and by the Rue de Paris, which is the busiest street of Havre. There has been one case of cholera in the Rue de Paris, and one case, not on the Grand Quai, but in a back yard of a house on the Grand Quai.

Practically these two broad, well-aired streets have escaped the cholera, yet they form the wall or demarcation line of one of the very worst districts of Havre. It would be difficult to find clearer evidence of the importance of broad, well-aired streets. I have selected my hotel as one of the safest places in Havre, yet I am only separated by the thickness of the house in which I live, I might say by only the thickness of a wall, from one of the most dangerous quarters of the town.

PARISIAN CHOLERA AT HAVRE.

Seeing that good sanitation, a plentiful supply of pure air, so materially affect our chances of escaping cholera, it is surprising that for so long so little has been done to secure these essential conditions of health. It is just where sanitary progress has not been accomplished that the cholera has found ready victims. Yet, even in unsanitary, overcrowded centers of population, much can be done to check the development of cholera by prompt and strict measures of disinfection and isolation. This fact has been amply demonstrated at Havre. Dr. Gilbert, the eminent sanitary reformer and "Doctor for Epidemics," has published a diagram showing how the cases of cholera increased till the day that a very effective service of disinfection was organized; then the epidemic rapidly decreased. But very precious time was lost before this was done. Had the proper precautions been taken at the outset, probably there would have been no epidemic. In other respects, the experience acquired at Havre is most instructive, and consequently most useful. According to the evidence now collected, it appears that the first case occurred so far back as the 5th of July last, and was brought here directly from Paris. An elderly man, who had come to see some friends who live at Courbevoie, a suburb familiar to all who possess but a slight knowledge of Paris.

It is situated at the end of that marvellous avenue which, commencing at the Tuilleries, is called the Champs Elysees till it reaches the Arc de Triumf, and then becomes the Avenue de la Grande Armee till it reaches the fortification. Outside of Paris it continues in a perfectly straight line, though it is now called the Avenue de Neuilly, and only ceases when it reaches an altitude close to the Fort of Mont Valerien and which is the Rond Point de Courbevoie. Here this old lady from Havre was staying, but she soon heard that there was cholera in the district. Indeed, she was not far from Nauterie, where the epidemic first broke out on the 5th of April, and soon spread to Suresnes, Puteaux, Neuilly, Courbevoie, etc. Alarmed, the old lady thought it more prudent to return to Havre, but it was already too late. On arriving at Havre she suffered from premonitory diarrhoea, and by the 5th of July her medical attendant diagnosed the full symptoms of cholera. Eight days later another woman, also aged, was attacked with cholera and recovered. The next day, the 13th of July, a man was taken ill and suffered in the same manner, and likewise was cured. It was the 15th of July that the first death from cholera took place; the patient was a sailor, who, however, had not been to sea for two months. The next death was on the 23d of July, and then another on the 2d of August. After that the epidemic spread rapidly and in all directions.

If for these earliest cases all the precautions which are now imposed had been applied the evil might have been nipped in the bud. But Dr. Gilbert, whose business it is to see to these matters, as he is what in France is called the Doctor for Epidemics, was not even informed of what was going on before the 10th of August. By the 15th of August he had assumed a very serious aspect. The germs of disease had been scattered in all directions. Disinfection was not very strictly carried out, and the cases were not promptly reported to the authorities. On the 15th of August a very efficient service was organized, by the 26th of August every detail was worked through working order. On the 27th of August the greatest known number of cases—seventy-two cases for the twenty-four hours—were reported. Each and all were properly attended. On the morning there were sixty cases. Then the cholera took another and final spurt, for there were seventy cases on the 28th. After that the decrease was steady, and by the 9th of September there were but fifteen cases reported in a single day. Thus the cholera, like a fire, was got under control, but it did not go out. For the next ten days there were less than ten cases per day, and after that there were less than five cases per day. Now two or three days have elapsed without there being any cases at all.

Considering that the epidemic steadily

increased till the measures of disinfection were fully applied, and that it steadily decreased as soon as these measures were applied, it is well worth while ascertaining exactly how this favorable result was attained. The plan of action was proposed by Dr. Gilbert; it was carried out by M. Louis Brindeau, the mayor, aided by the sub-prefect, M. Lardillat de Mautet, and the other authorities. On the mayor fell the principal legal responsibilities, and it required, under the circumstances, a man of nerve, prompt decision and courage. Thirty-four medical men were enrolled in the service of the municipality. Six police stations were converted into sanitary posts. Every medical man received strict orders to report all cases of cholera to the nearest police station. Any one and every one who might suspect the existence of a case of cholera was urged to report the fact to the nearest police station. Eight doctors were attached to these police stations, and had to call at the station at least once in three hours. If any case had been reported they at once proceeded to the house, accompanied by a police agent. Should it prove to be a genuine case of cholera the policeman at once went and telephoned for the ambulance and for the disinfectors.

In a very short time, sometimes in a few minutes, the ambulance was at the door and the patient taken to the hospital. Immediately after the disinfecting stove drove up and in it was placed the bedding, soiled linen, etc., which was disinfected by steam super-heated under pressure. These stoves, manufactured by Messrs. Genesio & Herscher, are now used throughout Europe and in many other parts of the world. The heat attained is generally 115 degrees centigrade. In the room of the patient the disinfectors do not burn sulphur, as is the general practice in England, but have an apparatus, consisting of a hand pump, by which a considerable penetrating power is produced. With this they saturate the walls and furniture with a mercurial solution. This is all done by the police.

After that, the town architect comes on the scene with another staff of disinfectors. They remove the paper from the walls, wash the walls and floor with a disinfectant, and whitewash the premises. The architect reports on defects of construction, and also sees to the disinfection of the drains. Nor is this all. For the narrow streets, the courts and alleys, and the entire district, the police brought to bear. With steam engine and fire hose they flushed out the drains, washed the outer walls and even the roofs of the houses, and sometimes introduced their hoses into the staircases, which they drenched in a manner that greatly startled the inhabitants. It had been in the memory of man such scrubbing and such cleansing.

This is not all. Cholera is the result of misery as well as of dirt and bad hygiene. The town opened its purse wide for the relief of the poor. The State and private charities lent a helping hand. Kitchens were organized in all directions. While the houses of poor people were being cleaned out and disinfected, the inhabitants were taken off to a sanatorium, established in a large dock shed lent for this purpose by the chambers of commerce. On entering the sanatorium, the inmates were disinfected, and were made to strip and wash, clothes were given to them, and their own clothes disinfected. In the sanatorium they were fed and had beds provided gratuitously. As a rule, they were even allowed to take away the clothes lent them during their sojourn at the sanatorium. Indeed, so much was done to help those who were menaced by the epidemic, that all manner of vagabonds began to speculate on public charity.

Poor people came from a considerable distance to Havre, and pretended to be distressed natives of the town, so as to obtain relief. But in a little while inquiries were instituted and these impostors weeded out. Such were the principal measures instituted to combat the epidemic. They may be summed up briefly by laying down as the first and compulsory rule, that the entire population of the town should be disinfected, and the organization of a staff of medical men, paid by the municipality, to proceed at once to verify the cases; the immediate removal of such cases to a special hospital, and the equally prompt and thorough disinfection of the clothes worn and the drains. Cholera must be treated exactly like a fire, and the same rapidity of action displayed in securing the complete isolation of the patient and the disinfection of his clothes, bedding, and the room or rooms likely to be contaminated. All this must be done gratuitously. The public must be made to feel that they have nothing to lose in helping to combat the epidemic. It is no use arguing that money spent in disinfection is money saved. Some are too poor, others are too ignorant, or too selfish, to take these arguments to heart. Also, all such measures are essentially taken in the public interest, are to the advantage of the public as a whole, and should be paid for by the public.

These principles have been well understood by the authorities at Havre. Many years ago, for instance, they bought back from a private company the water works of the town. The inhabitants of Havre are no longer at the mercy of a private company and its money interests for their supply of drinking water. The water, which is too pure and too good to be sold at a cheaper rate than the disposal of the people. The water is now distributed in any house at the rate of 100 litres per day for four dollars a year; and there are fountains in almost all the streets, where unlimited quantities of water can be obtained for nothing. To American travelers, who take the French steamers that cross from Havre to New York, this question of the water supply is of the utmost importance. This drink during the passage by all on board. Dependence on the health of the person in the ship, but also of the port where the ship casts anchor.

There has not been sufficient attention paid to the question of the water carried from country to country by the ships. The danger is a greater one with regard to river and canal navigation than with respect to ocean going steamers. In Germany and in Belgium the cholera has been conveyed from place to place by barges and the water on those barges. This is a matter of urgent importance. No ship should be allowed to go on board, no town should be allowed to deliver, anything but the purest water. Fortunately the port of Havre answers to these conditions. The water of Havre is captured at the springs of the little river known as the St. Laurent. It is brought in a closed aqueduct to the town of Havre, and delivered from the mains under a strong pressure. Though somewhat calcareous, and therefore hard, the water is quite pure, and may be drunk with impunity. That the water has no connection with the present epidemic is proved by the fact that in the quarters where the least cholera prevailed the water of the St. Laurent was drunk. It was also drunk in the districts where the cholera raged with great intensity.

The same may be said with respect to typhoid fever. Both typhoid and cholera are, at Havre, the result of other causes than the drinking water. Fortunately, also, there are no wells in Havre. Only spring water is drunk, and this is a great advantage, especially for those who, therefore, need to keep their water and resort to other such precautions. Though Havre is a very unhealthy town, with a very high death rate, yet if the traveler takes up his quarters in one of the large thoroughfares well swept by the sea air, and stubbornly refuses to be taken in by the water, he may visit this interesting town without apprehension, even if there should still be a few cases of cholera lurking in the dark, unhealthy back streets—Adolph Smith in Philadelphia Telegraph.

There are decided novelties in silver fruit dishes. One is a low, round bowl, with raised and perforated work. The ornamentation is rich. The same designs have low standards and round knob-like feet.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

AT THE LIME KILN CLUB.

BROTHER GARDNER'S REMARKS.

The Colored Man's Taste for the Barnyard Denizen Still Active and Untrammelled.

"I hold yere in my hand," said Brother Gardner at the last meeting of the Lime-kiln club, "a letter from de state agricultural bureau, of Illinois, askin dis queshtun, 'Am it yo'r opinyun, based on observashun an reports, dat de tull'd people of dis kentry hav lost deir taste fur chicken meat?'"

"I object!" I objected to the Rev. Penstock as he sprang to his feet.

"What do yo' object to?" calmly inquired the president.

"I object to dat communicashun bein received by dis club, sah! I consider it an insult on de tull'd race!"

"I don't see where de insult comes in."

"But I do! Fur de last fifty y'ars de white man has been yellin 'chicken' at us, and de world has come to believe dat he ain't a tull'd man on top de airth who won't steal chickens if he kin git a show to. It's all wrong. He haven't got no mo' to do wif chickens dan de white man. I decidedly object to dat communicashun bein received in an official way."

"Am dat objectshun supported?" asked Brother Gardner as he looked around the hall.

"It am not," he continued as silence reigned profound, "an I shall ax Brudder Penstock to set down an keep shet. Dis am a queshtun to be discussed wif calmness an reason. De report to be made yere will form a part of our nashunal statistics. So fur as my experience an observashun goes de black man was bo'n wif a taste fur chicken. [Murmurs of approval.] As a child, befo' he had cut his double teeth, he smacked his lips fur chicken. [Cries of 'Yum! yum!'] De older he growed de mo' he wanted chicken potpie, an chicken roasted down in de kettle, an chicken smothered wif onions, an chicken in all sorts o' ways. [Great applause.]

"Up to a few y'ars ago," continued the president, "de white folks had all de chickens in de kentry. Day axed sich a high price dat de black man couldn't buy. De result was what might be expected. [Agitation.] Feelin dat he must hev chicken or perish he waited fur a dark night. [Nods of approval.] He had located a sartin hen-coop. He knowed de shortest road to git dar! He knowed when de policeman would be down at de older end of de beat. [More nods.] 'Bout leben o'clock on a dark night he left his cabin an took a walk. De owner of dat hen-coop had locked de doah, but dat black man pulled off two bo'ds an crawled in. [Applause.] On de poles he counted fo'ty-two plump, fat chickens. He could take de hull lot, but he wasn't dar sort of clothespin. He jest reached up fur a couple of pullets an left de odder fo'ty right dar. [Wild cheers from every part of the hall.]

"My frens," said the president, while a bland smile played over his countenance, "Ize bin right dar. Ize taken chickens off de roost—chickens dat b'longed to a

white man. So has de Rev. Penstock. So has every man in dis club. We had to do it. We was driv to it by our longin for to taste chicken. It was when we was pore an downtrodden an had no rights in law. [Hear! Hear!] Of co'se, jest as soon as we could do so, we paid fur dem chickens. [Yes! Yes!] An den we begun to git chickens of our own. Now den a tull'd man who has met wif a misfortune an hain't bin able to git a hen-coop together, may hev continered to eat white man's chickens, but sich cases am few an far between. [Applause.] Eben den he don't select de fattest an best, but contents hisself wif jest a common fowl. He hates to do it, but he has to, an he keeps track of ebery one an means to pay all de damages before. [Tremendous applause.]

"Now, my frens, de question am, Has de tull'd race lost its taste fur chicken? Has it become so stuck on codfish an bacon dat it has turned away from wings an legs an nice white meat growin along de breastbone?" So fur as I am personally concerned I answer, No! On de contrary, I believe dat our people as a race think mo' of chicken today dan eber befo'."

This statement was greeted with shouts of approval from fifty different members, and when the Rev. Penstock bobbed up to protest he was promptly and vigorously hooted down.

"De queshtun will be put to vote," said Brother Gardner when the excitement had subsided. "Hev we lost our taste fur chicken meat? All who think so will arose."

"The Rev. Penstock stood up.

"All who am sartin suah we hev'n't, an who can taste chicken dis verry minit, will do same."

Every man in the hall stood up and waved his hands and cheered, and the excitement became so great that Elder Toots swallowed a peachstone he was holding in his mouth to prevent catching the cholera.

"Dat settles it!" grimly observed the president as he looked around, "an de secretary will answer accordingly. We will now bust up de meetin an adjourn to de banquet room an attack sebn large watermelons which hev bin kept on ice fur de last two days."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Brief Statements About the Editor's Opponent.

NOT OUR WAY.—We are a candidate for state senator, and we shall do our best to get there with both feet. We shall, however, make a radical departure from long established customs, as we have mentioned before. The candidate opposed to us served five years in Joliet for stealing a horse.

THE KICKER will not use the incident as a campaign document, nor shall we more than casually and pleasantly refer to it in our speeches from the stump. We have entered politics hoping to elevate instead of degrade it. If we can't be elected without vilifying and abusing our opponent, then may we be snowed under. We cannot consistently advocate the major's claims to election in our own paper, but if the alleged newspaper down the street will champion his cause we will agree to purchase 100 copies per week during the campaign.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Judge Pardee, of Lone Tree, writes us that he can show by newspaper records of Indiana that our rival in the race for state senator was tarred and feathered and driven out of South Bend for slandering the character of

a widow who refused to marry him when she discovered that his father was hung for murder. While we are greatly obliged to the judge for his interest in our behalf, we must decline to publish the proofs he sends us. If we can't be elected over the major on the issues of the campaign, then we shall accept defeat gracefully. The idea of dragging in his past is very repugnant to us, and we shall not aid or countenance such a movement.

WE CAN'T USE IT.—Certain impulsive political friends of ours have come into possession of a legal document proving beyond doubt that our political opponent is a bigamist and liable to go to state prison. The document has been offered us for publication, but we refused to give it publicity. While there is no shadow of doubt that the



THE DOCUMENT HAS BEEN OFFERED US FOR PUBLICATION.

major is a bigamist, and while two or three of his deserted wives will be here next week to make it pleasant for him, we do not feel like making capital out of his misfortunes. We want to see this campaign conducted in an honest, decent manner, and we shall discourage all friends of ours from any attempt to make capital for us out of past circumstances.

PLEASE DON'T.—It has come to our ears that the Hon. J. William Jones, who has lately come to reside among us, has recognized our political opponent as a man who was sent to jail for six months at Des Moines for hamstringing a horse belonging to a blind man. He is so sure of his man that he is about to send for a detective to come on with a photograph and help him make a public exposure. We sincerely hope and trust that Mr. Jones will do nothing of the kind. While there is no doubt of the correctness of his suspicions and convictions, we entered upon this campaign with the explicit declaration that there should be no mud slinging on our part. Let us look at the major as he is today, and not as what he was ten or fifteen years ago. We regard him as a genial, whole souled man, who will do his best to fill the position with honor, if elected, and we look with disgust upon these efforts to handicap him.

RETURNED WITH THANKS.—The mail yesterday brought us a sworn statement from five reputable citizens of Omaha to the effect that our political opponent was cohabited in that city by a woman; that he was known to be a professional gambler; that he robbed an aged soldier of his pension money; that he was strongly suspected of arson; that he bilked a hotel for \$100, and that he left town under a cloud because of a certain robbery. The document was sent to us for publication that we might get the drop on the major. We return it today with thanks. While we are flattered by the interest and energy of our friends, we can't bring ourselves to conduct a campaign on eastern principles. We started out to play fair, and we are going to follow that policy to the end.

OF COURSE, BUT.—One of our Nevada exchanges observes that we are honest, upright, moral, brilliant, wise, philosophical and an honor to Arizona; also that our political opponent is ignorant, bigoted, vicious, corrupt and ought to go to prison instead of to the state senate. Yes, we know all this, of course, but we hope it won't be used in the campaign to his detriment. If we can't be elected on party issues, we shall be content to remain at home.

THE DIAGRAM MAN.

They were engaged—Lionell De Haven and Leonore St. Claire. He had first met her on a street car, and the graceful, lovable way in which she had paid her fare had smitten his heart. Although a stranger to her he had ventured to observe that there was a heap of measles about just then, and without any trace of that Puritanism brought over on the Mayflower in packages of various sizes she had replied in the affirmative, and added that her papa had a boil on his neck. Within a week they were engaged, though it was agreed between them that nothing should be said to the old folks for five or six years yet.

On the evening of which our story opens Lionell and Leonore are sitting on the west veranda of her father's house. They have had their first quarrel. She wanted him to touch the buzz saw of a bumble bee with his finger, but he obstinately refused. The following diagram shows how they sat:

The full moon shows its face over No. 3 fire-engine house. The whippoorwill whoops it up in the sweet gum swamp. The only katydid in that section of the state sits under the shelter of a tomato vine and plaintively calls for peace on earth. Twenty minutes of valuable American time hurry into the unknown. Lionell keeps his eyes glued on a knot-hole in the back fence. Leonore hasn't even winked since she fastened hers on her papa's overalls swinging on the clothesline. All of a sudden—But the following diagram shows what occurred:

They had neared each other. It was an involuntary action, and both looked surprised. Ten minutes more of awful suspense. The soft breezes sighed mournfully through the limbs of the gentle oak, and from out of the softness of the night a thousand voices seemed to whisper, "What's the use in gettin mad about nothin?" Lionell cautiously turned his face to look at her. Leonore was playing the same circus.

"Lionell!"

"Leonore!"

"I hain't mad!"

"Nor I either!"

Then with a mighty— But the following diagram will explain what occurred:

Two minutes later there was an awful crash, followed by a suppressed shriek.

"Great snakes! but what is that?" exclaimed Leonore's father as he laid down his paper and started to his feet.

"His derra. Jerrz. sht down!" roared Le-

onore's mother as she looked up from her knitting. "I used to fall off your lap just that way when we was sparkin, but it never hurt the least bit!"

An American Legend.

Once upon a time as a sage who was renowned for his wisdom and philosophy was taking his usual walk along the highway, he was accosted by a man who had thrown himself down upon the ground to die. He was ill and feeble, and his voice was weak as he cried out:

"O sage, I have been searching for you for lo! these many weeks, but always in vain! I want a few chunks of that solid advice you are always so ready to distribute for the benefit of the unfortunate."

"Speak, and I will do the best I can," was the kind reply.

"Know then, O sage, that I have built a poem entitled, 'Why My Heart Is Sad.' I have offered it to over fifty different newspapers, but in each instance has it been rejected. I have climbed many weary flights of stairs to interview editors, but each one has sat down upon my aspirations and made my sad heart still sadder. The world knows me not. I cannot know me while things are thus. I wish to move the hearts of men, but I have no show. Tell me what I should do?"

"Give me the poem," commanded the sage as he laid down his staff and drew a card of advertising rates from his bosom.

"Here it is, O sage, frayed and tattered and stained with the tears of disappointment, but still in the ring."

"Ah, yes! Twenty verses—six lines to a verse. Set in leaded nonpareil—display head—a slug between each verse—say three-quarters of a column on third page—one insertion. O pilgrim, canst thou raise about \$100 of the long, green stuff?"

"And why the dross?"

"To get your poem published at regular advertising rates, and so secure copies ready for mailing at three cents apiece."

"But is there no other way, O sage, to reach the great wide world?"

"You might try handbills and billboards, but advertising always pays. Circulation the largest in the world—10 per cent. off for the second insertion—get copy in early."

"I cannot do it, O sage!" cried the poet as he fell back to earth. "It is not professional, you know, and they would probably put it in the same column with pills, soothing sirup and porous plasters! No; I will expire right here and be buried in a poet's grave!"

And he duly and decently and regularly expired, and the sage saw him laid away beneath a yew-tree, in the branches of which a turtle dove had built her nest and was rearing her young.

M. QUAD.

His Was the Reward.

The poster printed in great, flaring letters possessed a fascination for the colored man with a few tufts of whiskers.

As he devoured the words emblazoned in characters to attract the attention of the world he trembled and broke into a profuse perspiration.

"Stolen!"

He read the caption and leaned feebly against the fence.

"I wonder if it means me," he gasped.

Fearfully he turned his eyes again to the poster.

"—a clarinet."

The colored man with a few tufts of whiskers was rooted to the spot.

"That is my crime," he groaned; "that is my crime."

A small boy with a push cart came that way. He paused, read the poster and proceeded.

"He knows it's me; he knows it's me," whispered the colored man in agony.

In a dazed way he read the remainder of the flaring letters.

"One hundred dollars reward!"

His features worked fearfully.

"—will be paid by the neighbors to the person who took the clarinet."

After the colored man with a few tufts of whiskers had read the poster twice he felt better.

Presently he skated swiftly to the scene of his crime and gathered to his arms the reward.—Detroit Tribune.

A Triumph in Cooking.

Athenians in the mirth book represents a cook giving an account of how a sucking pig was put on a table, with half of it roasted and the other half boiled, its paunch being filled with small birds of various kinds, yolks of eggs and force meat well peppered. "The pig was killed," says the chef, "by a shallow stab under the shoulder. After nearly all the blood had run from it I rinsed the contents of the paunch—off and all—several times carefully with wine and hung it up by the feet. Then I gave it another good soaking in wine and, having first boiled with plenty of pepper the tibbles of the force meat, I stuffed them in through the mouth, pouring in plenty of very rich gravy. Next I plastered half the pig with dough made of barley meal moistened with oil and wine. Then I put it in the oven on a bronze supporter and baked it slowly, so as neither to burn it nor take it off the spit."

"When the skin was nicely browned I conjectured that the part beneath the dough was sufficiently cooked, and so, gentlemen, I took off the barley meal and placed it on the table for you—boiled or roast, as you please."—Fraser's Magazine.

Hard to Understand.

Little boy—Well, that's the queerest thing I ever saw.

Mother—What is?

Little boy—I just saw our school teacher on the beach a-laughin just like other people.—Good News.

Blue Grass.

Mrs. Bayview—Is the blue grass of Kentucky really blue?

Colonel Kaintuck—No, it's green—same color as your blue sea, you know.—New York Weekly.

Drug Store Names.

The following from The Bulletin of Pharmacy illustrates the funny bluffs given the dictionary by the pharmacists:

Oil of vitriol is not oil.

Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper.

Salts of lemon has nothing to do with lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.

Soda water contains no soda.

Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur.

Sugar of lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.

Oxygen means "the acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain oxygen.

German silver contains no silver, and black lead contains no lead.

Wormseed is unexpanded flower buds.

Milk of lime has no milk.

Quicksilver is pure mercury.

Origin of Drinking Health.

Here is one of the several statements made on the subject of the origin of the very common custom of "drinking healths": In the days when the Danes lorded it in England they had a very common habit of stabbing Englishmen in the throat when drinking. To avoid this villainy a man when drinking would request some of the sitters by to be pledge or sure